

The Son of Tarzan

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CHAPTER VIII.

Korak and Meriem.

For many months the strange life of the three went on unmarked by any unusual occurrences—at least without any occurrences that seemed unusual to the youth or the ape—but to the little girl it was a constant nightmare of horrors for days and weeks until she, too, became accustomed to gazing into the eyeless sockets of death and to the feel of the icy wind of his shroudlike mantle.

Slowly she learned the rudiments of the only common medium of thought exchange which her companions possessed—the language of the great apes. More quickly she perfected herself in jungle craft, so that the time soon came when she was an important factor in the chase, watching while the others slept or helping them to trace the spoor of whatever prey they might be stalking.

Akut accepted her on a footing which bordered upon equality when it was necessary for them to come into close contact, but for the most part he avoided her. The youth always was kind to her, and if there were many occasions upon which he felt the burden of her presence he hid it from her.

Finding that the night damp and chill caused her discomfort and even suffering, Korak constructed a tight little shelter high among the swaying branches of a giant tree. Here little Meriem slept in comparative warmth and safety, while the Killer and the ape perched upon nearby branches, the former always before the entrance to the lofty domicile, where he best could guard its inmate from the dangers of arboreal enemies.

After the construction of the shelter the activities of the three became localized. They ranged less widely, for there was always the necessity of returning to their own tree at nightfall.

A river flowed near by. Game and fruit were plentiful, as were fish also. Existence had settled down to the daily humdrum of the wild—the search for food and the sleeping upon full bellies. They looked no further ahead than today.

If the youth thought of his past and of those who longed for him in the distant metropolis it was in a detached and impersonal sort of way, as though that other life belonged to another creature than himself. He had given up hope of returning to civilization, for, since his various rebuffs at the hands of those to whom he had looked for friendship, he had wandered so far inland as to realize that he was completely lost in the mazes of the jungle.

Then, too, since the coming of Meriem he had found in her that one thing which he had most missed before in his savage jungle life—human companionship.

The little girl idolized him, as she might have idolized an indulgent brother had she had one. Love was a thing unknown to either. But as the youth neared manhood it was inevitable that it should come to him, as it did to every other savage jungle male.

As Meriem became proficient in their common language the pleasures of their companionship grew correspondingly, for now they could converse, and, aided by the mental powers of their human heritage, they amplified the restricted vocabulary of the apes until talking was transformed from a task into an enjoyable pastime.

When Korak hunted Meriem usually accompanied him, for she had learned the fine art of silence when silence was desirable. She could pass through the branches of the great trees now with all the agility and stealth of the Killer himself. Great heights no longer appalled her. She swung from limb to limb, or she raced through the mighty branches, sure footed, lithe and fearless. Korak was very proud of her, and even old Akut grunted in approval where before he had growled in contempt.

A distant village of blacks had furnished her with a mantle of fur and feathers, with copper ornaments and weapons, for Korak would not permit her to go unarmed or unversed in the use of the weapons he stole for her. A light spear and a long knife were her weapons of offense or defense.

Her body, rounding into the fulness of an early maturity, followed the lines of a Greek goddess, but there the similarity ceased, for her face was beautiful.

As she grew more accustomed to the jungle and the ways of its wild denizens, fear left her. As time wore on she even hunted alone when Korak

NATURALLY, AFTER THEY TRAVEL TOGETHER AWHILE, LOVE DEVELOPS BETWEEN JACK AND MERIEM

Synopsis.—A scientific expedition off the African coast rescues a human derelict, Alexis Paulvitch. He brings aboard an ape, intelligent and friendly, and reaches London. Jack, son of Lord Greystoke, the original Tarzan, has inherited a love of wild life and steals from home to see the ape, now a drawing card in a music hall. The ape makes friends with him and refuses to leave Jack despite his trainer. Tarzan appears and is joyfully recognized by the ape, for Tarzan had been king of his tribe. Tarzan agrees to buy Akut, the ape, and send him back to Africa. Jack and Akut become great friends. Paulvitch is killed when he attempts murder. A thief tries to kill Jack, but is killed by Akut. They flee together to the jungle and take up life. Jack rescues an Arabian girl and takes her into the forest.

and Akut were prowling at a great distance, as they were sometimes forced to do when game was scarce in their immediate vicinity. Upon these occasions she usually confined her endeavors to the smaller animals, though sometimes she brought down a deer and once even Horta, the boar, a great tusker that might have made even Sheeta think twice before attacking him.

After Korak had left the village of the blacks following his last thieving expedition the screams of women and children had brought the warriors in from the forest and the river. Great was the excitement and hot was the rage of the men when they learned that the white devil had again entered their homes, frightened their women and stolen arrows and ornaments and food.

Even their superstitious fear of this weird creature who hunted with a huge bull ape was overcome in their desire to wreak vengeance upon him and rid themselves for good and all of the menace of his presence in the jungle.

And so it was that a score of the fleetest and most doughty warriors of the tribe set out in pursuit of Korak and Akut but a few minutes after they had left the scene of the Killer's many depredations.

The little party of warriors was led by Kovudoo, the chief, a middle aged savage of exceptional cunning and bravery. It was he who first came within sight of the quarry which they had followed for hours by the mysterious methods of their almost uncanny powers of observation, intuition and even scent.

The white youth and the white maid stood alone in the jungle when they



A Score of Shrieking Blacks Were Upon Them.

were discovered by Kovudoo's band. Akut had been made king of his ape tribe, and Korak, to Akut's sorrow, had left him to dwell with Meriem in the jungle. One of Kovudoo's men leaned close to the ear of his chief.

"Look!" he whispered and pointed to something that dangled at the girl's side. "When my brother and I were slaves in the village of the sheik my brother made that thing for the sheik's little daughter. She played with it always and called it after my brother, whose name is Geeka. Just before we escaped some one came and struck down the sheik, stealing his daughter away. If this is she the sheik will pay you well for her return."

Korak's arm had gone around the shoulders of Meriem. And then from behind him broke a hideous bedlam of savage war cries, and a score of shrieking blacks were upon them.

Korak turned to give battle. Meriem with her own light spear stood by his side. An avalanche of barbed missiles flew about them. One pierced Korak's shoulder, another his leg, and he went down.

Meriem was unscathed for the blacks had intentionally spared her. Now they rushed forward to finish Korak and make good the girl's capture. But as they came there came also from another point in the jungle the great Akut and at his heels the huge bulls of his new kingdom.

Snarling and roaring, they rushed upon the black warriors when they saw the mischief they had already wrought. Kovudoo, realizing the dan-

ger of coming to close quarters with these mighty ape men, seized Meriem and called upon his warriors to retreat.

For a time the apes followed them, and several of the blacks were badly mauled and one killed before they succeeded in escaping. Nor would they have got off thus easily had Akut not been more concerned with the condition of the wounded Korak than with the fate of the girl, upon whom he had always looked as more or less of an interloper and an unquestioned burden.

Korak lay bleeding and unconscious when Akut reached his side. The great ape tore the heavy spears from his flesh, licked the wounds and then carried his friend to the lofty shelter that Korak had constructed for Meriem. Further than this the brute could do nothing. Nature must accomplish the rest unaided or Korak must die.

He did not die, however. For days he lay helpless with fever, while Akut and the apes hunted close by that they might protect him from such birds and beasts as might reach his lofty retreat. Occasionally Akut brought him juicy fruits which helped to slake his thirst and allay his fever, and little by little his powerful constitution overcame the effects of the spear thrusts. The wounds healed and his strength returned.

All during his rational moments as he had lain upon the soft furs which lined Meriem's nest he had suffered more acutely from fears for Meriem than from the pain of his own wounds. For her he must live; for her he must regain his strength that he might set out in search of her. But it was many a day before strength returned to him.

Meriem, bound and under heavy guard in Kovudoo's own hut, had no doubt but that Korak would come back and still less that he would easily free her.

So now as she lay waiting for him she dreamed of him and of all that he meant to her. She compared him with the sheik, her father, and at the thought of the stern, grizzled old Arab she shuddered. Even the savage blacks had been less harsh to her than he.

Not understanding their tongue, she could not guess what purpose they had

BUILD SHIP IN FIVE MONTHS

Others of British Standardized Type to Be Turned Out in About Sixteen Weeks Time.

The first of the standardized merchant ships built to order for the British government recently went through successful trials of a very exhaustive character, says the Scientific American. The type has been designed to provide a good cargo-carrier, in the shortest time, and with the least expenditure of material. The keel of this trial ship was laid last February, and in less than six months the ship was completed, loaded and ready for trial.

The standardized vessels, which are of 8,000 tons capacity, are built in two types—one a single-deck for grain and the other a two-deck ship for general cargo. It is also intended to build two similar types, each of 5,000 and 3,000 tons carrying capacity. Not only the hulls but the engines are standardized. They have extra large hatchways to facilitate quick loading and discharging—a most important feature. The first vessel was built in five months' time, and it is expected that future vessels will be turned out in from four to four-and-one-half months.

The Delirium of Arabs.

Observation by travelers and others who have visited in Palestine show that the Arabs of the Syrian Desert have an extraordinary fondness for tobacco. A few whiffs make them giddy and give them a headache. Even a cigarette is too much for them. A common smoke among Arabs consists of the dry leaves of a plant belonging to the genus Hyoscyamus, and called by the Arabs "Sekharan." It has fleshy leaves and purple flowers. The smoking of these leaves produces a sort of intoxication or delirium, which the Arabs prefer to the "white man's smoke."

Such Things Happen.

She (perplexed, binding a small cut in his hand)—"I wonder what a regular nurse would do in this case." He (eagerly)—"Marry the patient, of course."—Life.

in keeping her a prisoner. She knew that man ate man, and she had expected to be eaten, but she had been with them for some time now, and no harm had befallen her.

She did not know that a runner had been dispatched to the distant village of the sheik to barter with him for a ransom. She did not know, nor did Kovudoo, that the runner had never reached his destination; that he had fallen in with the safari of Jenssen and Malbihn and with the talkativeness of a native had unfolded his whole mission to the black servants of the two Swedes. These had not been long in retelling the matter to their masters, and the result was that when the runner left their camp to continue his journey he had scarce passed from sight before there came the report of a rifle, and he rolled lifeless into the underbrush with a bullet hole in his back.

A few moments later Malbihn stroled back into the encampment, where he went to some pains to let it be known that he had had a shot at a fine buck and missed. The Swedes knew that their men hated them and that an overt act against Kovudoo would quickly be carried to the chief at the first opportunity. Nor were they sufficiently strong in either guns or loyal followers to risk antagonizing the wily old chief.

The next day the Swedes set out for Kovudoo's village, bent on securing possession of the person of the white girl whom Kovudoo's runner had told them lay captive in the chief's village. How they were to accomplish their end they did not know. Force was out of the question, though they would not have hesitated to use it had they possessed it.

In former years they had marched roughshod over enormous areas, taking toll by brute force even when kindness or diplomacy would have accomplished more. But now they were in bad straits—so bad that they had not shown their true colors scarce twice in a year, and then only when they came upon an isolated weak village.

Kovudoo was not of these, and, though his village was in a way remote from the more populous district to the north, his power was such that he maintained an acknowledged suzerainty over the thin thread of villages which connected him with the savage lords to the north.

To have antagonized him would have spelled ruin for the Swedes. It would have meant that they might never reach civilization by the northern route. To the west the village of the sheik lay directly in their path, barring them effectually. To the east the trail was unknown to them, and to the south there was no trail.

The Swedes buy Meriem from Kovudoo, and in fighting over her Malbihn kills Jenssen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Another Test of Death.

A discovery of great value for testing with certainty whether a person is dead has been made by a professor of physiology at Chicago university. As described in the "Lancet," it is too technical for the layman's understanding, but a doctor explains that the test is made by crushing a piece of muscle and comparing it with a piece of uncrushed muscle. If the person is alive the crushed piece gives off more carbonic acid gas than the uncrushed piece, as a result of the stimulation produced by the injury. The professor claims that this test can be applied within a few minutes, or at most within one or two hours of death. There are, of course, other tests with which every doctor is quite satisfied, but this will be extremely valuable, as proving local death of the tissues after general death has occurred. There is life in the tissues for some time after death, and proof of their death sets all doubts at rest.

Superstitions About Salt.

It is a curious fact that, from the earliest times, many superstitions have clung about the use of salt. There is much evidence in Holy Writ for ceremonial uses of it. The Mosaic law commands that every oblation of meat offered shall be seasoned with salt, a command that is given, with variations, in various books of the Bible, such as Leviticus 2:13 and Ezekiel 16:4. In the old days salt was put into a child's mouth in baptism, and in some countries to this day the custom is followed of throwing a pinch of it into holy water to ward off the evil spirit.

Air Routes.

The Italian press is boasting that one of their airmen flew from Turin to London, 700 miles, in 722 minutes. When the war is over it will be fine to travel in an aircraft that can make the trip from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles in ten hours.—Los Angeles Times.

An electrical manure machine in which a small motor drives a buffing wheel is the idea of a Wisconsin inventor.

DAIRY

FOUNDATION FOR DAIRY HERD

Excellent Results Obtained in Starting With Grade Calves From Good Producers.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Young calves from good dairy cows are a satisfactory foundation for starting a dairy herd. Ordinarily the method advocated is to grade up common cows with a pure-bred bull, requiring a number of years of patient selection and breeding—a period sometimes discouraging to an energetic dairyman. Frequently this causes farmers, who want results too quickly, to change breeds.

It is expensive to buy mature dairy cows that are free from disease, that have good breeding and show desirable productive ability. Often, especially in new dairy sections, a farmer buys mature stock without being properly prepared to care for it, and many discouragements follow. To a great extent most of this difficulty can be avoided by buying good grade heifer calves from herds of well-established milk production. In some dairy regions it is a common practice to sell the heifer calves for veal. These calves, while only grades, are usually from good producing ancestors and carry a productive ability much greater than common cows.

The buying of such calves to start dairy herds has been tried in several states with excellent results. Of course the cost of small calves is much less than mature animals and the danger of disease is also greatly lessened. In general, shipping is simpler. Calves may be shipped by express at from two to four weeks old, depending upon the distance, with good results, if they are properly cared for upon arrival.

In buying it is important to deal only with dairymen. Do not buy from men who purchase calves at stock yards to ship back to the farmers, because it is not always possible to determine the breeding of the calves, and calves that are physically unfit may be shipped.

In some cases shipments are made C. O. D., which enables the buyer to see the calves before paying for them. A man who sells calves in this way makes a special effort to please his



Plan to Meet Increasing Demand for Milk by Raising Better Dairy Heifers.

customers. It seems desirable, especially in sparsely settled sections, that more attention be given to perfecting a satisfactory system of distributing dairy calves to farmers.

Advantages in buying small calves as a foundation for a dairy herd are summarized as follows:

- Small investment.
- Better breeding.
- Greater freedom from disease.
- In case of accident loss is smaller.
- Raising calves stimulates interest and in consequence causes better care of live stock.
- A satisfactory herd can be established more rapidly than by grading up common cows.

SOLUTION OF FOOD PROBLEM

Dairymen Should Make What They Have Go Further—Not Necessary to Slaughter Cows.

Dairymen can solve the feed shortage by the same method that people are using to solve the food shortage: They can make what they have go further. If food economics can result in feeding more people, the same feed can feed more cows.

No one advocates the killing of part of the people in order to provide an abundance of food for the rest. It is not more necessary to kill large numbers of dairy cows because of a short feed supply. Such action, moreover, taken in the face of our national need for dairy products, would be calamitous.